Bloody Jungle by Vinnie Paz

[Intro: Vinnie Paz]

Yeah

Pistolero Pazzy and all that

Stu Ferrigno

Yeah

Look, aight, one-two

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]:

Bumbaclot, you could die out here

This a different set of rules we abide by here

Them yoppas is always out, we do drive-bys here

Y'all are hippies, Vinnie don't allow tie-dye here

This the book of Exodus, it's Mount Sinai here

You get punched in the fucking face for looking side-eyed here

No hablo inglés, pardner, we play salsa here

I got shooters that took a charge they like ta-ta here

Chop his fucking head, cock it back for the click-clack

Stray shots hit 'em in the abdomen the six pack

The 40. Cal bullets size smaller than a tic-tac

Beretta 84 Cheetah hit em like a Chit sack

The Taurus jammed too much, pa, so I can't bother

The Nighthawk blammin', it touch you like Bambaattaa

How many more of y'all gon' be catching the fate?

And everybody mad looking at the mess that I made

Stupid!

[Chorus: Tragedy Khadafi]

Stop it, y'all little dudes been out of pocket

Your whole wardrobe comin' out your girl's closet

You need to get back inside the closet

'Fore we unleash the rockets, c'mon, stop it

Stop it, y'all little dudes been out of pocket

Your whole wardrobe comin' out your girl's closet

You need to get back inside the closet

'Fore we unleash the rockets c'mon stop it

[Verse 2: Tragedy Khadafi]

Don't have me push a button flyin' all type of kites

Deprive you of oxygen, deprive you of life

Slugs flyin' out of nines inside your windpipes

This the difference between survivin' and living life

Stop the barkin' before I make the gun bite

My faculty's in order, underworld supporter

Sodom Gomorrah, sodomize mics for four quarters

Get it the hustle, hustle to get it that's off the muscle

Queue the apocalypse, the iron jungle

A hundred miles runnin' N***as Wit' Attitude'll gun you

Look what it come to, set it out when the god come through

Tranquilo or humble, more dope than a bundle

War tactics, artifacts, it's all actual

Khadaf no gay, Khadaf no play, Khadaf the

Black Caeser you sweeter than Stevie J

(You sweeter than Stevie J)

[Chorus: Vinnie Paz and Tragedy Khadafi]

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[Outro]

(C'mon stop it)

(C'mon stop it)

Stop